

Scene 1

Monday Evening.

The scene takes place in an art school.

*When the lights come up, we see
MARGARET and LARRY standing behind
art easels.*

The audience only sees the two of them.

Down stage is a bowl of fruit on a table.

*LARRY and MARGARET make some
drawing motions on their canvas. The
audience cannot see what they are drawing.*

*LARRY holds his left thumb out, the way
painters do to as a sighting tool. After a few
seconds, he goes back to drawing on his
canvas.*

*MARGARET sees LARRY and puts out her
left thumb. She squints and tries closing one
eye and then the other.*

*MARGARET shakes her head and tries
using her right thumb. She squints and tries
closing one eye and then the other.*

*MARGARET gets frustrated, goes over to
the bowl of fruit, picks up a piece of fruit
and examines it.*

LARRY sees this.

LARRY *(whisper)* Pssst. Margaret. I don't think we are supposed to touch the fruit.

MARGARET I want to get a better look at it.

INSTRUCTOR *(off stage)* Please do not touch the fruit.

*MARGARET stuffs the fruit back in the bowl
and goes back to her spot.*

She looks at her drawing.

MARGARET My fruit looks nothing like. (*points to the bowl*)

She looks over at LARRY's painting.

How did you do that? (*points to LARRY's drawing*)

LARRY Do what?

MARGARET Create a masterpiece.

LARRY It's hardly a masterpiece. But don't forget. I used to paint when I was younger.

INSTRUCTOR (*off stage*) Okay, class. That's our time.

MARGARET and LARRY start packing up.

MARGARET You are very good, you know. That shading is amazing.

LARRY Thanks. (*looks at her canvas*) I like what you've done.

MARGARET You're just being kind. I don't know. I'm doing this to help get a better perspective on art, for my job. (*points to her canvas*) Except I've been working on this for three weeks and it looks nothing like a bowl of fruit.

LARRY Who says it has to?

MARGARET But we're supposed to paint that. (*points to the bowl*)

LARRY And you did. Who says that isn't a bowl of fruit? You drew, what you drew. I say it's amazing.

MARGARET You might be onto something there. So, how is that landscape going?

LARRY Not as well as I would like. Monet is coming to town. Are you going?

MARGARET I was thinking about it.

LARRY Perhaps I could...you know... meet up with you there.

MARGARET Larry. Are you asking me out on a date?

LARRY (stammers) No, I mean, it was only a suggestion. I thought we could just meet there.

MARGARET So, it's not a date.

LARRY No, not really...I mean we're just...you know... meeting.

MARGARET Meetings are for clients. I get it. You don't want to call it a date, because if it goes south, we'd have to wander around together until one of us had to "suddenly leave to water their plants."

LARRY Something like that. I don't do well on first dates, where you have to give your whole life story in five minutes.

MARGARET Okay. Here's the deal. Let's get together sometime before Monet, but we won't call it a date. It will be a...discussion. Yeah. We're just having a casual discussion on art.

LARRY No life story?

MARGARET No life story.

LARRY I could go for that. How about Wednesday?... no wait, that's probably too soon. I mean --

MARGARET -- Wednesday sounds good. The Grinding Bean on East Street around two?

LARRY Deal.

MARGARET takes a card out of her purse and hands it to LARRY.

MARGARET In case something comes up, here's my card. Send me a text with your number.

LARRY Sure thing.

Blackout.